Pagan of the Good Times

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/20329228.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Beverly Katz, Bedelia Du Maurier, Jack Crawford, Dr. Frederick Chilton, Alana Bloom, Margot Verger, Mason Verger, Doctor Sutcliffe, Roman Fell, Brian Zeller, Jimmy Price, Abigail Hobbs, Garrett Jacob Hobbs, Matthew Brown (Hannibal)
Additional Tags:	Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Alpha Hannibal Lecter, Omega Will Graham, Alternate Universe - Escorts, Public Sex, Anal Sex, Anal Fingering, Hannibal Lecter is a Cannibal, Strangers to Lovers, With a bit of enemies to lovers, Sex Worker Will Graham, Sex Worker Hannibal Lecter, Dark Will Graham, Kidnapping, Some angst, with a happy ending, Impact Play, Aftercare, BDSM, Caning, Hellfire Club, Spanking, Face Slapping, Face-Fucking, Bad BDSM Etiquette, Wax Play, Rimming, Double Penetration, Will Graham Knows, Murder Husbands, Vampires
Language:	English
Collections:	#SummertimeSlick
Stats:	Published: 2019-08-20 Updated: 2019-09-12 Words: 6,284 Chapters: 2/?

Pagan of the Good Times

by BelladonnaWyck

Summary

Hannibal Lecter has been alive for several hundred years and has never met anyone quite like Will Graham.

***

Or the fic where Hannibal and Will work at a Sex Ranch together until Hannibal Pretentious Lecter decides to open a fancy HellFire Club.

There is a whole mess of stuff that will happen in this fic and I will make sure to update chapter notes as needed!

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

This is set in the current time and the next chapter will all be in the past.

The Raven & The Stag, Fall 2019

Will Graham now understood what people meant when they described the pain as *bright*. It was a piercing sort of sensation. Like he'd been run through with a spear. Several spears. The feel of a cane against already tender flesh was a singular experience - one not quickly forgotten. He'd have marks for *days*.

"That'll be all, Mrs. Katz. Wouldn't want to damage him irreparably before our trip. I want to be able to show off all his lovely pale skin - preferably unblemished." Doctor Donald Sutcliffe spoke up from his high back, blue velvet chair in the corner of the room. This chair was where he often sat when he wanted to observe whether Will's ever-growing levels of persistent submission could hold while Beverly used nearly every implement at her disposal for the Doctor's viewing pleasure.

"Thank you, Sir." Will nearly whimpered, his body finally going lax at the allowance of his client. He was a masochist, and he enjoyed not only the pain but the mental endurance required to fulfill the desires of his patrons. He didn't often truly slip out of control, only one person had ever managed to push Will out of his ever-present, and reeling mind and that person was no longer here, but he did sometimes allow himself to pleasantly float just slightly adjacent to full coherency.

Beverly nodded her agreement and started packing her tools quickly. Aftercare was a requirement at *The Raven & The Stag*, and each client was expected to provide appropriate levels of it after each and every scene with an escort.

Beverly and Will were what she tenaciously referred to as best friends, though Will was never sure how to define friendship accurately. He spent so much time inside the minds of others that he sometimes lost fragments of himself and never seemed able to pick those back out of the shambles left behind. Even so, she let a brief touch glance over Will's shoulders - one of the only parts of his body not currently crisscrossed with welts from her cane - before she made her exit.

"Good evening, Doctor." she gave a half bow as she opened the door and then closed it silently behind herself.

"You were wonderful tonight, William. I'm so impressed with how well you took everything I gave you. Beautiful as always." Will could hear the rustling scrape of the wool trousers

Donald wore as he moved to stand up from the plush chair. And then suddenly there was a gentle finger rubbing across one, especially painful welt, tracing the mark from end to end. Will could imagine that it was a particularly vicious shade of red against his thigh.

The only sound besides Will's soft noises of pained pleasure was the sound of a zipper being released. Sutcliffe, like many of Will's clients, didn't fuck him during or after each and every scene. That wasn't always what their experiences were about. More often than not, he simply watched Will be abused and used by others and then, once he dismissed them, he would finish himself and come across Will's body. Sometimes his ass, sometimes his thighs or his tummy or his face. It was about the perceived sense of ownership for the Doctor. Much like it often was with those Will saw regularly.

It would seem this scene would be like the countless others before it. Will could detect the susurrus of soft hands, unmarked from hard work or toil, against the equally smooth skin of Sutcliffe's cock. Within moments he felt the warm splatters across his upper thighs, where the majority of the harshest cane marks resided. It burned but also served as a way for Will to begin recentering himself after the scene.

As the come began cooling uncomfortably on his skin, Donald came into his peripheral vision, releasing the navy scarves that tied Will's hands together beneath the large oak table he was laid out upon. *Like a feast*. His traitorous mind supplied the words of another without his prompting. This room was called the *Midnight Room* due to the deep blue and black colors that saturated it, sliced through like a mortal wound with accents of bone white.

"I'm so very pleased with you, my pet. And I'm absolutely giddy about rewarding such lovely behavior," Sutcliffe took a moment to run his fingers through Will's tousled and sweaty curls, loosening a few tangles, before his fingertips ran along Will's swollen lips. He tended to bite at them rather than give up his sounds of pleasure or pain too easily to the Sadists who loved to play with him. Not that he'd consider Donald a Sadist. He was far too petted and fragile to do any of the play himself, that's what he used Beverly for. He wielded her like she wielded any of her own implements.

"Can you sit up like a good boy, William? I'd like to discuss a few things with you, and I'd love to see your pretty blue eyes while I do so," he offered an arm to Will and helped him sit, the movement painful against his fresh marks.

Sutcliffe took in Will's slight grimace of pain and frowned in placating sympathy. Though Will could see the pure glee in the man's eyes and read it through his empathy. "Perhaps you could sit on my lap by the fire. That might be more comfortable for you in your current predicament," he seemed exceptionally pleased when Will leaned against him, arm loosely wrapped around his patron's neck, as he allowed himself to be led to the recently vacated chair by the fire.

"There's a sweet thing," the Doctor practically purred as he adjusted Will on his lap, watching each subtle expression of discomfort with open awe. "Do you feel capable of listening to what I would like to propose, dear? We can wait a moment if you need more time to recover."

"No, Sir. I'm okay if you just hold me while we talk," he curled into the man, making himself small enough to fit in the crook of his arm. Will was adept at his job. He knew exactly what

each man needed to fulfill their fantasy, and he was capable of providing it. With Donald, the man really wanted to be in control, not only of the sexual aspects of the scene but of Will and his comfort and security.

It was a very stereotypically Alphan display and desire that Will was more than familiar with through his exposure to Alpha clients. While Will knew the man loved to see him suffer, he also loved to believe he was reassembling Will after the fact. And far be it from Will to ever tell him otherwise.

"Wonderful. What a good, sweet Omega you are. So well behaved," Donald took a moment to run his fingers along Will's lips again, parting them gently and touching his fingertip to the tip of Will's tongue that poked through his teeth. "It's because you are so outstandingly good that I want to take you on a trip with me. I'm going to the grand opening of a Hellfire club in Baltimore. *The Order of Saint Sebastian* it's called. It's the first of its kind in America and the first official Hellfire club since the 1700s. It's very exclusive, and only a select few have been invited. Would you accompany me, Will?"

At the mention of Saint Sebastian something prickled in Will's vast eidetic memory. He found himself silently nodding before he was even fully aware of his agreement.

"Thank you, Omega. We are sure to be the talk of the event. I'll have my assistant send over the details and your flight arrangements, of course. We may have to fly in separately as I have a charity event to speak at as well that week so I'm leaving a few days early. I'll also have an updated list of potential scene scenarios sent over for your approval. The standard procedure and fees for an extended session, I assume?"

Will nodded again, distractedly, the memory of another time, and another person still tugging at him. He didn't like to discuss money or particulars while in a scene anyway, and Donald was aware of that.

It wasn't until long after Sutcliffe had gone and Will was back in his own room, tucked comfortably into his warm bed, that he noticed the sketch of him that still hung above his writing table and suddenly his memory exploded with images. A pencil and charcoal of Will reimagined as the Catholic martyr, Saint Sebastian, pierced through with arrows and shackled to a tree. And then the name that had been nagging at him for months fully surfaced, and he wasn't able to push it away as he usually did. *Fucking Hannibal Lecter*.

He wondered if Hannibal would be in attendance at this Hellfire club. He couldn't imagine he'd miss an opportunity to revel in the debauchery and pretentiousness of such a place. *Fucking wonderful*.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Will & Hannibal meet for the first time.

Chapter Notes

This takes place in the past when Will & Hannibal work together on the ranch.

The Raven & The Stag, Winter 2017

Will Graham was *sulking*. Though he'd steadfastly deny it to anyone if accused. He'd just finished up with a client not even half an hour ago and the aftercare, while thorough enough, had been rushed. This meant that he was currently finding congealed come caught in the small hairs at the nape of his neck.

Granted, he hadn't had a full bath immediately after his session with Matthew, just a cursory wipe down with a warm cloth, but this was just the final nail in a coffin already riddled with nail-sized holes. He didn't have any more appointments scheduled for the day. A long soak in his clawfoot tub sounded like the perfect evening. Maybe he'd even open that bottle of whiskey he'd been gifted last week. Or perhaps he'd just sulk some more.

Of course, since Will was in distress, Beverly Katz simply had to torment him and interrupt his attempts to retire to his suite in peace. "I like it," she flicked at some flyaways for the hundredth time. "Adds to the overall feral twink look you've got going on. Maybe we could update your bio and pics in the catalog to make you into some wild, untamed Omega. I'm sure plenty of Alpha's would kill for the fantasy of taming you," her lips were pulled up at the corners in a wide, mischievous grin. Mischievous was basically her default.

Will glowered at Beverly from beneath his too-long bangs as she moved her way to poke a finger at the come that was now becoming further entangled in his hair. "This has gone on long enough, Katz. First thing tomorrow I'm seeing Charlie and begging her to shave it bald!" He was only partially joking. The heat of a Louisiana summer wasn't something he wanted to suffer through ever again with long hair, and it was just getting longer as they crept closer to a New Orleans bathed in muggy springtime showers and grime. It was already the end of November. Another holiday season spent working and alone, and Will liked that just fine. He'd like it even more with less hair.

"Don't cut it. I would hardly consider it *feral,* it is far too charming," an amused, thickly accented voice carried from behind them. It blanketed Will in the warm timbre of an Alpha voice, but without the grating quality, he often forced himself to overlook in his clients.

He barely caught the growl in his throat before it forced its way past his lips, and collected his features into something more closely resembling polite and demure, prepared to meet a new potential patron of the ranch.

What he was faced with instead was a broad, exposed chest so close that his nose nearly brushed it. He was sure he felt some of the appealingly, soft silvered hair scattered across that chest tickle his nose. Clearly, this Alpha didn't understand personal space. Or the sign that clearly marked this area as escorts only; and did said Alpha just sniff Will? How impolite.

"Did you just smell me?" Will accused before he could stop the words from tumbling forth.

The strange Alpha provided a smile that didn't fully reach his eyes. Like an imitation of a social cue, he'd perfected, but that wasn't entirely genuine. "Difficult to avoid, my apologies," he seemed mildly agitated, and Will had a moment to wonder whether it was because Will smelled like another Alpha - though why a stranger would care whether Will smelled foreign was lost on him - before he caught the glint of blonde hair beside the Alpha.

Bedelia, the proprietor of *The Raven & The Stag* stood to the right of the Alpha, looking a bit overwhelmed. No one but Will would be able to tell, but he could see the tightness in the corners of her eyes and the slight indentation of her teeth as she pressed them firmly against the inside of her lips.

"William, Beverly, this is Hannibal Lecter. Your new colleague," the cliche silence that filled the room at that admission reminded Will of every dramatic reveal moment in every film he'd ever seen. He suddenly recalled a phrase his Nana had used, years ago when Will and his father had still lived in a little shotgun-style trailer near the Bayou instead of Will living alone in the city, *you could hear a pin drop.*

The silence didn't last. "I thought you didn't want to hire security guards, so the place felt more intimate? Did something happen?" Beverly plowed on, never particularly bothered by silences - awkward or otherwise.

"Why's he nude?" Will interjected at the same moment, unable to stop himself. Hannibal's lips twitched, though he didn't allow himself to fully smile, as he took in Will's loosely tied together crimson silk robe and the slip of his exposed thigh.

Bedelia ignored Will, as was often the case. "Hannibal won't be security at the ranch, he'll be an escort. He's an old acquaintance, and I have decided to test the profitability of Alpha escorts with him as our first experiment."

Will noted the specificity of her phrasing. *Acquaintance,* not friend. And the emphasis that Bedelia had *decided* to endeavor on this trial of her own volition. Will didn't even need his empathy to see that Hannibal had manipulated his way into this situation somehow. Not by force, though the ashen-haired Alpha had the body mass to suggest otherwise. No, he was cunning sort of monster.

"Old colleague?" Will followed-up, trying to suss out the details. He had a theory they knew each other professionally as well as intimately. From the way she pivoted her body slightly away from Hannibal, and held her hands tightly together in front of her in a self-soothing gesture, the affair had been brief and years prior. Enough time and distance to lessen any potential sting but also the experience to maintain more than the standard amount of physical space between them.

"A lifetime ago, yes. I met Bedelia when I first took up psychiatry. It seems we have both moved towards the more carnal side of the human mind." he's speaking to the entire group, but Will noticed that Hannibal's eyes didn't leave his own face.

Will's never particularly cared for eye contact, but he risked a glance at the Alpha in front of him and immediately regretted it. Hannibal's eyes reminded him of the whiskey he had waiting for him in his room, spilled out across a Bordeaux colored tablecloth in some form of pagan supplication. A warm, deep cinnamon brown doused with merlot.

Will hadn't *wanted* in a long time. He performed a role and did it well, but he hadn't actually been actively intrigued in so long. Hannibal interested him, though Will admits it internally only begrudgingly.

Hannibal took the extended silence and the confusion in Will's face as frustration and made his attempt at polite reassurance. "It is my hope that we can all be friendly. I can assure you I am not trying to encroach on what you already have established so beautifully here," another obvious up and down appreciation of Will's lithe body. Perhaps not always as subtle as Will had initially ascertained.

"Maybe I just don't find you that interesting." Will really needed to work on his brain to mouth filter. It wasn't, as Beverly often joked, part of any sort of *appeal* he was sure. Plus, in this case, he was a *liar.*

"You will," Hannibal, with complete conviction, assured him.

***

The Raven & The Stag, Winter 2017

A knock roused Will from the tranquility of his afternoon nap. He often slept poorly at night, equally as poorly during the day, but he tried daily to catch up on rest by at least closing his eyes to lay silently on his bed.

He eyed the robe on the other side of the room, hanging almost petulantly from the back of his favorite writing chair before deciding against it. No one at the ranch would have their sensibilities offended by his nudity.

Upon opening his door, he nearly reevaluated his decision.

"You're like a bad penny." he groused, and he didn't slam the door in the face of the Alpha, but it was a near thing.

"And you are ephemeral as always. A beauty as renowned as the nymph, Echo, if ever I have been honored to see one," Hannibal's smile showed the pointed ends of his teeth, a predator in a person suit.

Will really can't be blamed for rolling his eyes. "I suppose that makes you Narcissus, then? Never has a title been more fitting."

"My, we are sharp today aren't we, clever boy?" Hannibal didn't move, but his presence still seemed to surge and fill all of the space around Will until he felt he was breathing him in.

"Okay, Penny. Why are you here?" he cuts through the potential for more pleasantries or banter. He thinks Hannibal appreciates it. Not that he cares what Hannibal thinks.

The grin Hannibal flashes Will is predatory. Like a lion who has just spotted easy prey. "It seems we have been requested in the Twilight Room," the Twilight Room was one of their standard rooms - furnished with only a large bed, a table with two chairs, and a breeding bench.

"A tandem or - "Will began.

"Yes. The patron would like to have both of us at the same time," he confirmed, nodding towards the room beyond the door as a nonverbal request for entry.

Will opened the door wider and stepped inside, immediately going to his closet. "Any clothing or appearance requests?" Will asked distractedly, moving items around in his closet without real intent. He hadn't done a group play session in a long time if you didn't count the sessions with Sutcliffe where he brought Bev in for impact play. He felt a little unsteady already just thinking about it.

One person could be overwhelming enough with his disorder. And, while Hannibal so far had felt more like a void in his mind rather than a cacophony of thoughts and feelings, who was to say what he would be like while intimate.

"No requests, dear Will. Only that we hurry. So perhaps just the robe?" he gestured vaguely to his own robe, a midnight blue silk that Will thought was quite fetching, and took a step into Will's space, tousling his hair gently. Will would usually be indignant, even angry, at the invasion of his personal space, but he found himself oddly soothed. He let his eyes slip closed for only a moment.

"Well, what are you just standing around for, then? Let's go," he grinned, breezing past Hannibal and out into the hallway. Expecting the Alpha to follow.

***

"Bridgette?" Will greeted upon entry to the Twilight Room. Hannibal had properly briefed him along the way - Beta, mid-thirties, pretty standard Omega fantasy. Betas were the most common gender, making up roughly sixty percent of the population. Sometimes they came into the ranch seeking a temporary illusion that they were an Omega. Or an Alpha.

Will was an anomaly even without his empathy disorder. Less than one percent of the Omega population was male, and Omegas only made up roughly ten percent of the total population. Alpha's were only twenty percent of the population but had a substantial presence in all positions of power across the globe. Alphas were Presidents and Kings. Politicians and lawyers. The most successful athletes and celebrities.

Betas played an essential part in society - the hormones they emitted were a soothing, calming balm. Especially when compared to their Omega and Alpha counterparts whose hormones were meant to entice and excite. Wars were fought over Omegas in their not so ancient history. The Omegan Rights Movement had only recently begun to gain traction and make real change within the legal system.

"Hello." Bridgette stood to greet them as they closed the door behind them. Will could feel her nerves like an itch underneath his skin. She'd never done anything like this before. Will always enjoyed helping people, especially the new ones, find comfort in intimacy. He stepped closer, offering his hand to her. She wasn't stereotypically pretty, but she had a sharp jawline that gave her an exotic look and naturally bouncy red curls that came to just above her slightly curled shoulders. She was nervous enough that her hand trembled somewhat in Will's, her skin slightly chilled from the adrenaline spikes and dips.

"I'm Will. I gather you've met Hannibal," he smiled warmly and noted that at least the betas handshake was firm if a little trembly. Even though she was clearly nervous, her pheromones were calming and gentle and felt like a puff of cold air expelled on a crisp winter night. "Why don't we start with a cup of tea or glass of water and discuss why you're here with us today, love." his Nana always used to say he could charm the scales off of a snake.

"Yes, alright." Bridgette agrees, and Will watches as Hannibal seamlessly inserts himself into her space, his large hand on the small of her back as he guides her to sit.

Will begins a simple tea set up, many clients find it soothing to watch him prepare and serve the tea before the first session.

Hannibal's rumbling voice is almost a shock in the quiet of the room. "So, Bridgette, what has brought you to us today? We are happy to have you and would love to hear more about what we can provide for you."

Will can sense her hesitation. Her lack of confidence. "You're such a good Omega, darlin'. I can just tell already you are going to be so wonderful for us," Will nearly purrs, taking a comfortable seat on Hannibal's lap. There are only two chairs at the small, round table and he's sure that he can coax her out. Knows what she wants to see. And Will sitting on the Alphas lap is a gentle introduction to the fantasy she wishes to unlock.

She whimpers at his words, a blush spreading from her freckled cheeks and across her collarbones. Hannibal doesn't miss a beat, following Will's lead as he wraps a warm palm around Will's sharp hip bone, pulling him more tightly against him. "What would you like, sweet Omega? We are here for you. You've been so good, you deserve to have someone take care of you now."

Bridgette shifts in her seat, and Will can smell her arousal. It smells warm, like sunshine on an upturned face, so unlike the spiced warmth of most Alphan scents. It smells clean and comforting, not at all arousing for Will but he can work with it. Especially when his nearly nude body is pressed so tightly against Hannibal's and the Alpha is emitting a purr of contentment so low that Will can't even be sure he hears it at all. The Alpha smells like snow-covered birch, saffron-scented charcoal, and Will's favorite whiskey. It was comforting as well as arousing.

"I'd like to watch the two of you together. On - on the bed. And then I'd like you -" she pointed to Hannibal, "- to take me."

"That sounds just right, little dove. Do you want to see our dear William in any particular position?" Hannibal encouraged her to continue.

"Hands and knees. But I'd...erm...like to see you both play around for a bit as well if that's alright? Maybe he could suck your cock?" she was precious, Will decided. Her hesitance was shockingly refreshing compared to the typical Alpha males he encountered daily.

"That is perfect, Bridgette. We would love that. Let's begin, shall we?" he stepped gracefully off Hannibal's lap, taking the Alpha's hand and leading him towards the bed. He allowed himself to slip back into the Beta's mind for a moment to help him further set the scene.

Like many Betas with this fantasy, he knew she craved intimacy that Alphas and Omegas were reported to have. She would want soft and gentle at first, kisses and teasing touches. And then for the main act, she would want Will whining and desperate, fucked roughly and without restraint. She'd most likely want Hannibal to finish with her, to knot her so she could experience what it would feel like to be bred like an Omega.

Protection was required at the ranch for all sexual acts, including penetration or oral sex. Will went ahead and pulled two strings of condoms out of the table by the bed - one fitted for Omegas or Betas and the other fitted for Alphan cocks, made from an expandable material that could accommodate a knot.

Will slid back onto the bed, letting his robe drop as he settled in the center, nude. He lazily palmed his cock, already beginning to fill as he let himself drift into the patron's desires.

"Pretty Omega," Hannibal growled, towering over Will and slowly removing his own robe, letting it slide down his body like water. Will could see in the large mirror behind Hannibal, the Alpha's firm, muscled ass and thighs, the tight curve of his back. When he returned his eyes to Hannibal's face, he could see real desire burning there. *How interesting.*

Will propped himself up on his elbows, sinking into the plush mattress and feeling it move with Hannibal's climb onto the bed, his body hovering close enough above Will's that he could feel his body heat radiating in waves of soothing warmth.

"Alpha -"Will whimpered, arching up prettily and glancing briefly at Bridgette over Hannibal's shoulder. The Beta was leaned slightly forward in her seat, her legs clenched tightly together and her knuckles white where they clutched her knees.

Hannibal placed a condom on his own cock, and Will surged forward, pushing up on his elbows to take Hannibal into his mouth. Even only half-hard, Hannibal was large, and Will couldn't take him all the way in.

Hannibal snarled, wrapping his hand in Will's curls, holding him close as he thrust in and out of the wet heat of his mouth.

"That's enough, I'd like to see you mount him, instead," Bridgette spoke up, voice so soft and quiet.

Basic Alpha and Omega play scenes often followed the same simple structure with a few minor variances. "Please, breed me," Will whined, a distinctly Omegan sound that was meant to incense an Alpha. Omega's had several sounds at their disposal, to arouse, to placate, to plead.

Will generally refused to make these sorts of sounds outside of scenes, and he would die before he'd ever *purr* for an Alpha, but the sound seemed to immediately work on Hannibal, his eyes growing dark with arousal and his nostrils flaring as more of Will's own arousal scented the air was his slick started to pool between his cheeks.

Male Omegas may only have a vestigial womb and were incapable of becoming pregnant, but that didn't stop the desperate need to be bred during heats, or the rabid desire of rutting Alpha's to mount and impregnate their Omegan partners.

And thankfully, male omegas still produced slick. Will found himself being manhandled onto his stomach, belly pressed firmly to the soft sheets as Hannibal climbed on top of his thighs and lifted his robe up his back, pushing it up to Will's shoulders to expose his entire lower body.

"So wet already, sweet Omega, so good for your Alpha," Hannibal rumbled, leaned forward now so that the words were pressed into Will's mating ridge, where a bonding mark would be placed if he were to ever find an Alphan mate; unlikely at this point in his life as he had little to no interest in Alpha's or their overbearing control issues.

Will let out another Omegan whine, lifting his hips so that the dip in his spine was more pronounced, his ass more on display for the Alpha behind him, and for Bridgette who he could see from the corner of his eye still watched them intently.

Hannibal nipped playfully, just to the right of Will's mating ridge, and Will moaned, pushing up into the teeth at his neck. "Going to breed you, my Omega, fill you up."

Will nodded his agreement, shifting his hips from side to side to draw more of Hannibal's attention to his ass, his inner thighs now slippery and shining with his slick; he found himself wondering what he smelled like to Hannibal.

He snapped himself out of his musings when he felt Hannibal's thick cock rutting against his lower back. Will moaned, wantonly, when instead of his cock breaching him, it was two of the Alpha's fingers instead, thrusting in and immediately finding his prostate, twisting just so as they gently brushed along the delicate, sensitive bundle of nerves.

"Fuck," Will found himself breaking character for a moment, unable to stop himself from thrusting back against the intrusion. The doctor certainly knew what he was doing with his hands, Will wondered if he was just as skilled with his cock or his tongue.

"You smell so lovely, Omega," Hannibal chuckled, and Will's entire body shivered as the Alpha moved to reposition himself so that he could lick around his fingers where they entered Will, curling his tongue to collect some of Will's slick where it leaked sluggishly from his relaxed hole.

"Alpha!" Will moaned in tandem with Hannibal as the Alpha grumbled his pleasure against Will's opening.

"Will you fuck him, b-breed him now?" A small, timid voice came from the side, and the pair turned at the same time to look at her with lust blown eyes and panting mouths. They hadn't even fucked yet, and Will already felt breathless.

"Would you like for me to, sweet thing?" Hannibal sounded mischievous, coaxing in his gentle tone and words.

Bridgette nodded in agreement, the look on her face turning into sharp arousal. She spread her legs, seemingly subconsciously, and settled back into the soft chair. "Don't knot him, I want you to knot me."

She sounded firmer now, as though she were growing in her confidence.

"Of course, darling Omega. I will breed you like you deserve," Hannibal smiled, showing his teeth, and the Beta shuddered visibly.

"Are you ready?" Hannibal leaned down to whisper to Will, low enough that their patron wouldn't hear. Will nodded his approval and spread his thighs wider, pressing his chest more firmly to the bed so he could present properly for the Alpha.

He heard the sound of one of the condom wrappers being opened and then a few moments later, Hannibal's cock was teasing at his entrance, just the tip barely slipping inside.

It riled Will, causing his Omega to shift restlessly beneath his skin, howling in the back of his mind. His Omega wanted to be filled, to be *bred* by this superior alpha specimen. Whether Will wanted an Alpha or not, his body sang for this one.

Hannibal growled at Will's impatient shuffling and grabbed his hips, hard enough that Will gave a passing thought to potential bruises, but he knew Hannibal wouldn't mark him knowing that Will had other appointments the next day.

"Please, Alpha, fuck me," Will pleaded, letting his voice dip into an Omegan whine of need. He felt wanton, desperate to be filled.

Hannibal didn't make him wait much longer, pushing inside of Will slowly but persistently, filling him and spreading him wide. Will had slept with plenty of men, most of them Alphas,

in his life, but he'd never felt so stretched thin by a cock before; he couldn't even imagine what it would feel like to take Hannibal's knot.

He shook himself of that image, it would never happen. Not in this scene and not ever if Will had any say in it.

Hannibal was large enough that every motion of his cock inside of Will brushed against his prostate, and Will was almost immediately overwhelmed.

"Fuck, Hannibal," Will whined, writhing on Hannibal's cock like a bitch in heat. Will couldn't resist putting a hand on his lower stomach just so he could feel where Hannibal was so deep inside him, stretching him out.

Hannibal shushed him with a litany of soothing words and touches to the back of his neck, gentle glancing touches over where his bond mark would one day sit if he ever even decided to mate.

"Pretty Omega, it's alright. I'll fill you up just like you need," Hannibal leaned close, and Will could feel his smirk against his shoulder.

"Make him come, I want you in me," Bridgette spoke up from off to the side of the bed, and when Will looked at her she had shifted even closer than before, a bottle of synthetic slick open on the table beside her and one of her hands disappearing between her thighs. Will could hear the slick sounds of her fingers plunging in and out of her cunt, and he closed his eyes to just listen, trying to drown out some of the overstimulation he was experiencing.

"You heard her, Will, come for us, I know you are so very close, aren't you, darling?" Hannibal growled low, nipping at Will's earlobe playfully as he slipped his hand underneath Will's body and cupped his cock, giving Will something to rut against as Hannibal continued to fuck into him with fervor.

"Yeah, gonna come, wanna come for you both, wanna be good," Will keened, thrusting his hips frantically against Hannibal's smooth palm. It only took a few more thrusts of Hannibal's cock against Will's swollen prostate for him to come, Hannibal collecting it all in his hand.

As soon as Hannibal had pulled out of him, his cock glistening with slick all along the condom, Will pounced and lapped up his release from Hannibal's palm, licking coyly around his fingers and suckling them into his mouth, biting at his fingertips with a playful growl.

He was lost in the moment for long enough to nearly forget about the Beta still in the room. He remembered her suddenly, the chemical smell of the fake slick enough to jar him from his own thoughts, and he turned to her with a welcoming grin.

"Come on, sweet Omega, let your Alpha mount you and breed you up. Don't you want him to put a pup in you?" Will coaxed the still slightly timid woman up onto the bed, helping her get into an optimal breeding position.

Will knelt by the bed, soothing through the Beta's hair and down her slim neck as Hannibal mounted her, pushing in with little in the way of preparation. She wanted to experience a

rutting Alpha breeding their mate, and rutting Alpha's didn't have much in the way of care for comfort or foreplay.

"Such a good Omega for your Alpha, gonna give him a whole litter, hm?" Will placated her as Hannibal grabbed hold of her hips and thrust home. Will could hear the sound of his cock as it forced her walls to spread around it, he could smell the almost cloyingly sweet scent of the fake slick, and could taste the arousal on the air. Hannibal's arousal had simmered to something less sharp and all-consuming, and Will couldn't help but preen a bit internally that it was most likely because the Alpha had preferred being inside of Will.

What an idiotic thought. Will chastised himself, continuing to stroke through the Beta's hair as she whined her way to an orgasm. Will imagined her spot was getting hammered by Hannibal's cock just as much as his had, his girth inescapable.

"Knot me, please, Alpha," the Beta begged, slamming her hips back to meet each of Hannibal's thrusts.

Hannibal growled, sinking his fingers harder into her hips and increased his pace. Will could see the moment he came, the moment their eyes connected across the woman's back and Will saw a flash of primal red. Will let out a small gasp that was drowned out by the combined moans of pleasure from Hannibal and Bridgette as they collapsed onto the bed. An Alpha knot was made to hold their come inside a fertile Omega, and wouldn't last as long inside of a Beta. As expected, less than a minute later, Hannibal's knot had deflated, and he slipped out of the Beta, keeping a hand on her the entire time to keep her steady.

Bridgette's aftercare was standard, they cuddled and soothed her for half an hour until she felt more settled and then Hannibal did the same for Will, making low Alphan purrs of pleasure and pride that Bridgette wouldn't be able to hear, but Will heard them. He hated that he liked the sounds so much.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!